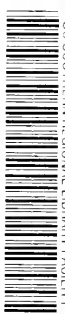


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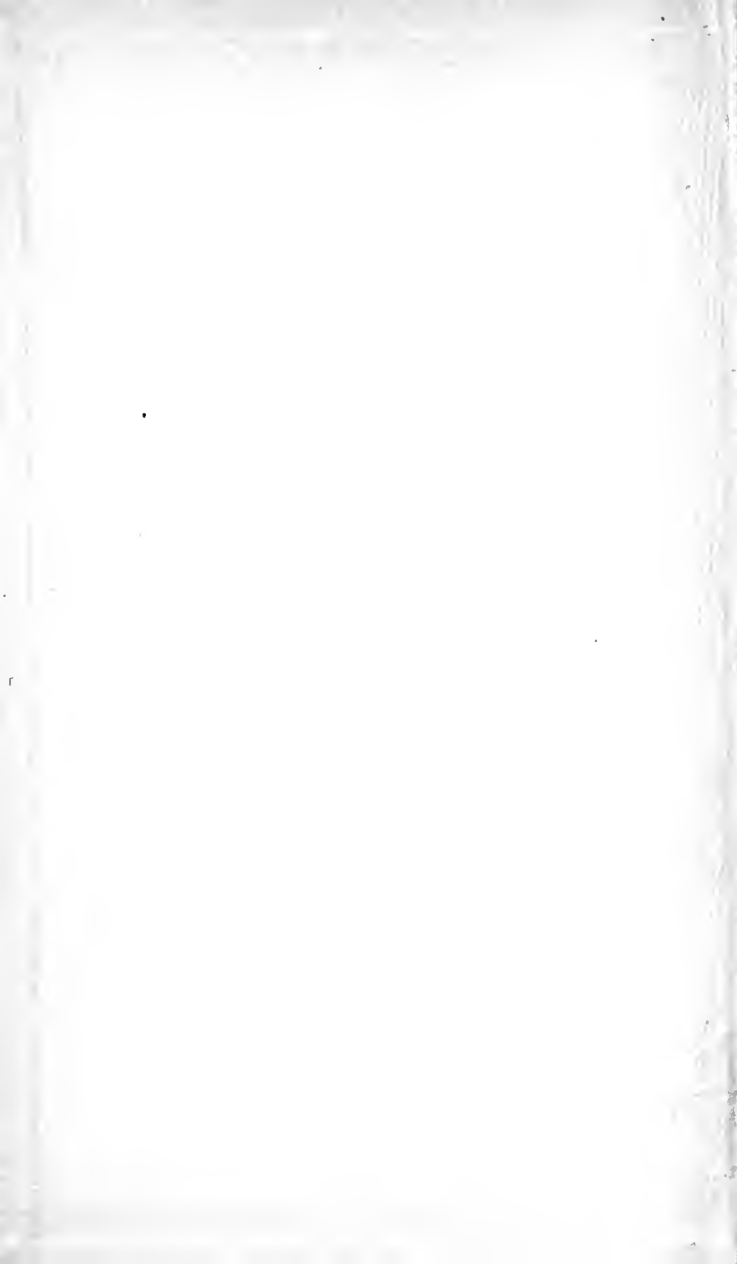
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ER WEIGHT
IN GOLD

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY







HER WEIGHT IN GOLD



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By

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“WELL, the question is: How much does she weigh?” asked Eddie Ten Eyck, with satirical good humor. His rather flippant inquiry followed the heated remark of General Gamble, who, in desperation, had been led to announce that his step-daughter was worth her weight in gold. Young Mr. Ten Eyck’s sarcasm was inspired by a mind’s-eye picture of Martha Gamble, the girl involved. She was, bar none, the homeliest young woman in Essex. To quote Joe Grigsby, she was “so plain that all comparisons began with her.”

“I am just jesting, sir,” replied the gen-

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eral with dignity. "My step-daughter may not be as good-looking as—er—some others but she is a jewel, just the same. The man who gets her for a wife will be much luckier than the chaps who marry these brainless fools we see trotting around like butterflies."

It was the first time Eddie had heard of trotting butterflies.

"Martha is a fine girl," was his safe remark.

"She's pure gold, sir," added her step-father, but with no enthusiasm. He was a handsome man and Martha's ugliness was a perpetual nightmare to him. Her mother was looked upon as a beautiful woman. That her only child should be so distressingly plain was a source of wonder not only to her acquaintances but to the mother herself.

Young Mr. Ten Eyck was the most inconsequent spendthrift in town. He lived by

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his wits, with which he was generously endowed. His spending money came through an allowance his grandmother had been generous—and callous—enough to provide for him; but with the custom of young men of his stamp he was penniless before the quarter was half over. He was precariously in debt at all times. Trouble sat lightly upon his head, if outward appearances were to be credited; truth to tell, however, Eddie was in sore and perpetual distress over the financial situation. What worried him most was the fact that all signs pointed to the suspension of further credit in places where he owed money, and, as he owed without discrimination, the future was not a pleasant state to contemplate. Prudent mothers stood defiantly between him and what might have become prosperous marriages. He could win the hearts of the daughters with shameful regularity, but he could not over-

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come the heads of the families to which they belonged.

The conversation between him and General Gamble took place in the reading-room of the Essex Club. There was a small table between them and there were highballs in passage.

"What's the market price of gold to-day, General?" Eddie asked, with genial impudence.

"I should think you'd be more interested in copper," retorted the general. "You seldom have anything but pennies."

"That's no joke," agreed Eddie easily. "I was just on the point of asking a little favor of you—for a week or two, General."

"I can't do it, Eddie. You *never* pay. Here, boy! Some more ice and that same bottle. But, as I was saying, I don't see why you fellows are so blind to Martha's charms. She's—"

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"You are mistaken, General," said Eddie, resenting his failure. "We are *not* blind. That's the trouble. If a blind man were to come along I've no doubt he'd see something in her."

"Demme, if she were my own daughter, I'd thrash you for that, sir!"

"If she were your own daughter you wouldn't be proud enough to take an insult."

The general frowned.

"Eddie, I'd give a good deal to see that girl married. She's so poor to look at that I can't stand it much longer. It's got on my nerves terribly. Leave that bottle here, boy. Why, I'd be willing to marry her to anybody. She'll have money—a lot of it—some day. I say, why don't you—By Jove, I never thought of you! You need money—a lot of it, too—. You wouldn't be permitted to marry any other girl in town, and,

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what's more, you couldn't get a truer wife than Martha. You—"

"She couldn't help being true," mused Eddie Ten Eyck, rattling the ice in his glass until the General shoved the bottle across.

"That girl is worth her weight in gold, let us repeat. She's a bit older than you, I'll admit, but—"

"But, General, I'm *not* blind," cried Eddie. "I'm poor, heaven knows, but I'm *not* blind. I don't have to be led."

"She likes you, too, Eddie," went on the general, revelling in a fond hope. "She'll be the richest girl in the town when I die."

"In a case like this, General, you'd *never* die. No, I thank you. I decline the honor gently but firmly. If you could turn her into *real* gold I might take her, but—let me see, she weighs about one seventy, doesn't she? I say, that would make quite a pile of gold, wouldn't it?"

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The general was silent for a long time, permitting a vague idea to form and develop in his mind. Young Mr. Ten Eyck was moodily trying to approximate the value of one hundred and seventy pounds of pure gold.

"I—er—ahem—suppose you haven't heard of the wedding present I intend to make to the man who wins her," began the general slowly, ready to cast the die.

"A separate house and lot wouldn't be bad," suggested Eddie.

"Nonsense. Well, I'll tell it to you, but I don't want it to go any further. If some of these confounded rakes heard of it, they'd pester the poor girl to death. This is to prove to you how dear she is to me. On her wedding day the man who marries her is to have the equivalent of her weight in gold."

He paused to let the proposition sink

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firmly into the Ten Eyck soil. Eddie's eyes blinked incredulously.

"Great!" he said at last, and that was all.

"Well, I must be going," observed the wily general, beating a retreat so hastily that Eddie had no chance to scoff.

Several days passed before the two met again. The General had sowed wisely, but he did not know how bitterly Eddie Ten Eyck was contemplating the harvest. At first he had given the matter no consideration. As time went on, however, he caught himself many times—with a start—trying to approximate the worth of Martha Gamble on the basis set down by her step-father. The second day found him surreptitiously making inquiries of a jeweler concerning the value of 24-carat gold. His creditors were threatening to sue or "black-list" him; his friends already were beginning to dodge him in the fear of requests for loans; his allow-

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ance was not due for seven weeks. Altogether the world looked harsh and untidy to him. Somehow this ertswhile debonnair young man felt himself being dragged to earth, and he instinctively longed for something with which to shield himself from the blows of adversity. He was, therefore, deserving of commiseration when he finally surrendered to the subtle assault of the old campaigner. He deliberately sought out the general, after many mathematical hours, determined to have a try at the proposition, distasteful as it seemed. How he cursed himself and his creditors!

The general was reading in a quiet nook of the club. He watched Eddie's indifferent approach and chuckled inwardly. Something told him that at last he was to lose Martha. Eddie, having fully decided on his own fate and knowing quite well that he was destined as the sacrifice from the

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very first, was courageous enough to broach the subject without preliminaries.

"Hello, General," he said, dropping into the next chair. "I've been thinking over what you said about Martha. Well, I'll marry her."

"You!" exclaimed the general with a fine show of surprise. "You?"

"I've thought it over. How much does she weigh?"

"Are you in earnest, my boy?" cried the general, squirming with suppressed joy. "She'll be tickled to death."

"Then, don't tell her till after the wedding," cried Eddie quickly. "Break it to her gently, General, I should say. Can I have her?"

"Yes, and God bless you!" slapping him on the back.

"Do you mean bless, or help? I suppose I ought to say I love her," doubtfully.

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"You can say that to her. Please don't say it to me. You two young folks can settle that in a quiet nook at home. Will you be around this evening?"

"If—er—she hasn't another engagement," with a gulp.

"Engagement?" snorted the general. "She hasn't been up after eight o'clock in four years. You won't be disturbed, so come around."

"I'd better come to dinner if I expect to find her up."

"By all means. Stay as late as you like, though. She won't get sleepy—not a bit of it." The general arose to go.

"Hold on, General! We've got a few preliminaries to settle before I venture around where my heart's desire is waiting. Here's a paper for you to sign. It's business, you know—the first really business-like thing I've ever done. Read it."

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The general read the brief but definite contract which bound him to pay to Edward Ten Eyck, in gold coin or currency, on the day that he married Martha Gamble, an amount equivalent to the value of her weight in pure gold. He hesitated for one brief, dubious moment and then called for pen, ink and paper. When they were brought to him he deliberately wrote a second contract by which Edward Ten Eyck bound himself to marry Martha Gamble and no other on a day to be "hereinafter named."

"Now," said the general, "we'll each sign one. You don't get the better of me."

Each signed his paper in the presence of two waiters, neither of whom knew the nature of the documents to which they attested.

"Troy weight," suggested the general. "She's a jewel, you know."

"Certainly. It's stipulated in the article—24-carat gold. You said pure, you know."

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We'll use troy weight for her avoirdupois. You notice I've inserted a clause that the prevailing market price of gold be paid. Four cents a carat. Twenty-four carats in a pennyweight, that makes ninety-six cents per pennyweight. Twenty pennyweights in an ounce, and there we have \$19.20 per ounce. We'll weigh her in by ounces."

"That's reasonable. The price of gold won't fluctuate much, I fancy."

"I want it distinctly understood that you keep her well fed from this day on. I don't want her to fluctuate. She hasn't any silly notions about reducing her weight, has she?"

"My dear sir, she poses as a Venus," cried the general enthusiastically.

"Is it as bad as that?" cried Eddie, mopping his brow.

"Well, she's thirty-three, my boy. They're all silly at that age. For heaven's

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sake, let her cherish some of the vanities of life."

"Good! And—oh, yes, here's another point I almost forgot to mention. Pardon me for suggesting it, but, of course, you'll understand that she should be weighed with—er—that is, her clothing should be weighed with her."

"What's that?"

"It's just to settle the point, General. Dressed or undressed?"

"Good Lord, she isn't a chicken!"

"Nobody said she was. You know what I mean. As gentlemen, we need not pursue the point further. It is fit and proper that her clothes should be weighed with her. Hang it all, man, I'm marrying her clothes as much as anything else."

"No, sir; I won't agree to that. She's got a pair of scales in her bedroom. She weighs herself every night for her own grat-

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ification. I don't see why she can't do it once or twice for my sake."

"Yes, but women are such awful liars about their weight. We couldn't trust her."

"Remember, sir, you are speaking of your future wife. You'll *have* to take her word for it."

"By George, you're niggardly," protested Eddie Ten Eyck. He was silent for a long time. "I say, it would be a frightful disappointment to you if she'd refuse me to-night."

"She won't!" said the general, setting his jaw. "She'll jump at the chance."

Eddie sighed miserably: "Doesn't it really seem awful to you?"

"Having you for a son-in-law? Yes."

"You know I'm only doing this because I want to go into business and I need the money," explained Eddie in an effort to

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justify himself before the general. "Oh, yes! Another thing I'd almost forgotten. I suppose it will be all right for us to live with you for a year or two, until—"

"Not at all!" gasped the general, leaping to his feet in consternation. "You go to housekeeping at once. Understand?"

"But her poor mother may—"

"Her mother has nothing to say about it. Look here; we'll put that point in the contract, too." He turned pale at the mere thought of what the oversight might have cost him. "And now, when shall we have the wedding?"

"Well, of course, I need the money—I mean, hadn't we better leave that to Martha? She'll want a trousseau and all that and—Oh, well, I might as well get it over with right away. So far as I'm concerned, this week. But you know how finnickty girls are about such things."

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"Yes," reminiscently, "I daresay they do want a few weeks of courtship." Eddie gulped painfully and turned a hunted gaze toward the door leading to the buffet. "Have a drink?" asked the general quickly. He had interpreted the glance in time.

They strolled into the buffet, one loving the world in general, the other hating everything in it, including the general. Before they parted, Eddie Ten Eyck extracted a promise from his future step-father-in-law that he would ask Martha her exact weight and report the figures to him early the next day.

"I want to figure on just about how much to expect," said Eddie. "It will seem easier."

That very afternoon the general, somewhat distressed by a guilty conscience, requested his step-daughter to report her correct weight to him on the following morn-

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ing. He kept his face well behind his newspaper while making the request.

"What for, Father?" asked Martha, looking up from her book in surprise. Her eyes seemed to grow as large as the lenses of her spectacles.

"Why, you see—er—I'm figuring on some more insurance," he stammered, angry with himself.

"What has my weight to do with it?"

"It isn't life insurance," he fumbled. Then a bright thought struck him. "It's fire insurance, my dear."

"I don't see what my—"

"Of course, you don't," he interrupted genially. "The fire insurance companies are getting very particular. They have to know the weight of every inmate in the house insured. Your mother and I—and the servants, too, expect to be—er—to be weighed to-night. By the way, what have

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you been doing to that fine young chap, Eddie Ten Eyck?"

"Doing? I haven't seen him in months," sniffed Martha. Her voice was raucous. She shuffled uneasily in her chair.

"You've been doing something behind my back, you sly minx," he chided. "Why, what do you think happened to-day?"

"To Mr. Ten Eyck?"

"Yes—in a way. He came to the club and asked my permission to pay court to you. He said he loved you better than—Look out, there! What . the dev—Hi, Mother! Good Lord, she's going to die!"

Poor Martha had collapsed limply in her chair, her arms dangling at her sides, her eyes bulging and blinking. At first glance she appeared to be choking to death.

Afterwards the general admitted that he was an unmitigated idiot for giving her such a shock.

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Mrs. Gamble rushed downstairs in alarm and it was not long before they had Martha breathing naturally; the whirligig library reduced itself into the same old rows of stationary shelves, not as monotonous as before perhaps, but just as staid. Poor Martha was hysterical for a long time. It was with difficulty that her mother induced her to rush off and dress for dinner. For the first time since early childhood, Martha blushed as she attempted to trip lightly upstairs. As a matter of fact, she *did* trip on the third step from the top. The fires of life had been rekindled. At four o'clock she began dressing for the coming suitor; when he arrived at seven she was still trying to determine just where to put the finishing touches.

Eddie Ten Eyck sat in the huge library, disconsolate, nervous, dreading the immediate future. He looked about him in awed silence. Never, in all his confident, butterfly

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existence, had he felt so small and powerless as at this very moment. His eyes swept the library and tried to penetrate to the sacred precincts upstairs, searching all the while for succoring possibilities. Even the richness and beauty of the Gamble mansion failed to reimburse his fancy for the losses it was sustaining with each succeeding minute of suspense. Dimly he recalled that General Gamble had spent almost half a million dollars on the house and grounds; his library was worth more than one hundred thousand dollars, his stable contained the finest horses in the country; his landed estate was measured by section instead of acre; his bank stock and bonds were—but shoving all of these feeble assets into the background was the ever present, overpowering question of human weight.

By this time Eddie had become so proficient in rapid calculating that he could tell

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within a few ounces how much a person would have to weigh in order to be worth as much as the library or the mansion or the bonds. The great painting that hung in the west end of the room, if reports were true regarding the price paid for it, corresponded in value to a woman weighing a shade more than 203 pounds troy. He lifted a fine bronze figure from the library table and murmured: "It's worth as much as a ten-pound baby—twenty-two hundred dollars."

The general came in and was closely followed by the butler, who bore a tray with at least ten cocktails. After the greetings, Eddie glanced askance at the cocktails, dismay in his face.

"Is—is it to be a big dinner party, General?" he asked ruefully.

"Oh, no; just the family—we four. The women don't drink, Eddie. Help yourself."

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Eddie gratefully swallowed three in quick succession.

"It will be absolutely *necessary* to take the gold cure if I drink all of these," he muttered thankfully.

Martha appeared at seven-thirty. Mr. Ten Eyck, who was a good-looking chap and fastidious, did not have the strength of purpose to keep his heart anywhere near the customary level. It went rioting to his very boots. He shook hands with the blushing young woman and then shrank toward the cocktails. She was attired for the occasion. But, as it was not the costume he had to marry, we will not attempt to describe it in detail. It was pink, of course; cut low, to protect her face from the impudent gaze of men. Her face? Picture the usual heroine's face and then think of the most perfect contrast.

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Martha was squat. Her shoulders sloped both sidewise and downward. Her hair was tawny. Of her countenance, the most noticeable feature was a very broad flat nose; then came a comparatively chinless under-jaw, on which grew an accidental wisp of hair; a narrower upper lip which nourished a growth that would have done excellent credit to a sophomore. When she smiled—well, it was discouraging, to say the least. Her eyes were pale and prominent.

Practice might have made her rouging perfect in spite of all this, but she had had no practice. Young men never came to the house, and it was not worth while to keep up appearances for those who doddered at the end of the way.

The dinner was a genial one, after all. In lucid moments, when the cocktails were idle, Eddie sagely remarked to himself: "If I can drink enough of them I'll have delirium

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tremens and then I won't *have* to believe what I see." Martha always had called him Eddie. To-night he observed, with hazy interest, that she addressed him as Mr. Ten Eyck—and frequently, at that. It was "Do you really think so, Mr. Ten Eyck," or "How very amusing, Mr. Ten Eyck," or "Goodness gracious, Mr. Ten Eyck," until poor Eddie came to the point where he muttered "damned fool" so audibly that the general coughed to cover his guest's quick retreat into something less appropriate but more commonplace.

After dinner the general and Mrs. Gamble retired early, leaving the young people alone. Eddie heaved a tremendous sigh of decision and crossed the room bravely. Martha was sitting on the davenport. He saw with misgiving that she evidently expected something from him. Her eyes were downcast and she nervously toyed with the gold chain that

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hung from her neck. He stood silent for a long time. Then, as he sat down at the opposite end of the couch, she heard him mutter something indistinctly about "one hundred and seventy, at least."

"Oh, then, you're still playing golf, Mr. Ten Eyck?" she asked. "So many people have given it up because—"

"Golf? What's that got to do with it?"

"I thought you said something about your score. Didn't you?"

"Say, Martha," he said, setting his jaw, "I'm a man of few words. Will you marry me? Oh! Ouch! Don't jump at me like that!"

The details are painful. It is only necessary to say that she told him she had loved him since childhood and he, on the other hand, confessed that he had but recently learned her true worth and just what she meant to him. She set the wedding day

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seven weeks off—November the eleventh. Before leaving—she kept him until nearly twelve—he playfully came up behind her as she stood near the table, and, placing his hands under her elbows, asked her to “hold ’em stiff now.” Then he tried to lift her from her position. He could not move her from the floor.

“It’s all right,” he said jubilantly—and would not explain.

That night in his dreams an elephant came along and stood on his chest, but he was used to it and smiled in his sleep.

The next morning General Gamble reported by ’phone that Martha weighed 168 pounds and nine ounces. The next minute Eddie was at his desk, calculating. On the 23rd of September she weighed 2,025 ounces, troy. At \$19.20 an ounce, she was worth \$38,880. With any sort of luck, he reflected, she would gain with the new-found happi-

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ness, and on the day of the wedding should represent at least \$40,000—perhaps more.

He haunted the country clubs by day, always preoccupied and figuring, much to the amazement of his friends. As the days of the first week went by he made definite promises to all his creditors to settle in six weeks. Moreover, he set apart \$10,000 in his calculations for the purchase of a house and lot. Early in the second week he had practically expended \$15,000 of what he was expecting.

He called on the Gambles regularly, faithfully. It is true that he insisted on Martha's playing the piano nearly all the time, but otherwise it was a courtship. When the engagement was announced, the city—not knowing the plans of the two men most vitally interested—went into convulsions. The half dozen old maids in upper social circles perked up at once and began to tor-

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ture themselves with hope. Eddie Ten Eyck's credit was so good that he succeeded in borrowing almost \$5,000 from erstwhile skeptics.

One day the general met him downstreet. The old soldier wore a troubled look.

"She's sick," said he, without preliminaries. "Got pains all over, and has chills, too."

"Is it serious?" demanded Eddie.

"I don't know. Neither does the doctor. She's in bed, however."

"General, she *must not* die," said Mr. Ten Eyck, eyeing him a trifle wildly. "I—I couldn't afford it now."

In two days it was known all over town that Martha Gamble was down with typhoid fever in malignant form. After the doctor had left the house, the general and Eddie sat in the library, woe-begone and disheartened.

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"He says he can pull her through," said the general vaguely.

"Curse him, he's *got* to do it," groaned Eddie. "Say, why can't we set the wedding ahead? I'll marry her to-day."

"No, you don't. We stick to the original bargain."

"But if she dies, where do I get off? It isn't fair to me, General Gamble. You know it isn't," wailed Eddie Ten Eyck.

"All's fair in love, my boy," said the General, brightening up. "Martha wasn't able to stand the excitement. It's like a sudden and terrible change in the weather. Her constitution wasn't equal to it, I'm afraid. We ought to make allowances for her, my boy."

"Is this doctor any good? Why don't you get some one from New York? And nurses? Have you got 'em? Everything depends on good nursing. General, I'm—

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I'm going to begin praying every night. I used to."

The days went by with monotonous similarity. Bright or dark, wet or dry, they looked the same to Eddie Ten Eyck. He haunted the Gamble mansion; he waylaid the doctor; he bribed and coerced the two nurses; he drank the General's liquors. At first he had been permitted to see her. As the disease grew more virulent and she became delirious, he was barred out. Mrs. Gamble was touched by the devotedness of her daughter's *fiancé*. (It may be well to say that Mrs. Gamble did not know and never was to know that a contract had been entered into by the two men.) While Martha hung between life and death, the poor mother turned prayerfully to Eddie Ten Eyck and gave him a large share of her pity and consolation.

The wedding day was near at hand when

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a complication set in and Martha's case seemed hopeless. The doctors in consultation said she could not live. One of the nurses confided to Mr. Ten Eyck that there was no hope; the crises was expected on the eighth. If she passed over it safely, there was a chance. Whereupon Eddie implored Providence and the fates to interfere with the inevitable until after the eleventh.

The night of the eighth was a memorable one in the Gamble mansion. No one went to bed. The ninth came and passed and the doctors ventured forth with the news that the patient had passed the crisis and that there was every chance in the world that she would recover. Eddie did a dance of joy in the stables.

One point was urged and insisted upon by the doctors: Miss Gamble, when she emerged from the delirium, was not to be crossed in any way.

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On the eleventh at noon she aroused from sweet lassitude to ask if it were not her wedding day. Learning that it was, she insisted upon having the ceremony performed, believing postponement would bring bad luck.

While the nurses were preparing her for the ceremony, General Gamble sent in word that the doctors desired her correct weight—for scientific purposes. The patient was allowed to rest on the scales long enough to determine that she weighed seventy-three pounds and eight ounces, and then she was hustled back into bed. The general, in the privacy of his bedroom, reduced the pounds to ounces and found that she weighed 884 ounces. That meant \$16,972.80 in gold. He chuckled with glee.

Her sickness had cost him approximately \$1,800 in doctors' bills, etc., but it had cost Eddie Ten Eyck \$21,911.20 in pure gold.

It is said that the bridegroom almost

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swooned when he looked for the first time upon his emaciated *fiancé*. He had not counted on the ravages of disease. She was "skin and bones." He made the responses mechanically, as if paralyzed by the conditions. Her fingers felt like a closed fan in his pulseless hand. Dumbly he gazed upon her, answering "I do" and "I will" without knowing it, all the time trying to remember where he had seen her before. Away back in the forgotten ages he seemed to have seen a robust, squat figure, but—this creature? His senses were inadequate.

He was being married to an utter stranger!

And now to hurry over the ensuing months. Of course, Martha got well and strong; the days of convalescence are interesting only to the one who has escaped from suffering, so why dwell on them in this narrative? Why dawdle over the reflections of

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Eddie Ten Eyck as he saw the frail stranger mysteriously transforming herself into an old acquaintance before his very eyes? Why relate the details attending the stealthy payment of almost \$17,000 in currency, and why tell of the uses to which the recipient was compelled to put this small fortune almost immediately after receiving it? No one cares to know these miserable, mawkish details. One only needs to know that the bridegroom soon stood shorn of his ill-gotten gains—with the possible exception of a bride.

A month after the wedding, Eddie was eagerly awaiting the third quarterly installment of his allowance. He was out of debt, it is true, and he had made up his mind that he would stay out—at least, until General Gamble began to show signs of decrepitude.

As soon as Martha was strong enough to be moved, the general suggested a trip to

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the far South. Eddie objected for reasons peculiarly his own. He announced that his real estate business was such that he could not get away at that time.

"Your real estate business?" exclaimed the general. "I didn't know you had a business."

"I'm dickering for the purchase of a piece of land in the Rocky Mountains," said Eddie grimly.

"Great Scott! Is it a good investment?"

"It's a darned sight better than any I've made. I'm going out there some day and *dig* for gold."

Fortunately everybody in Essex gave a wedding present to the bride and groom. No one had the heart to remain indifferent to such an event. The new home was handsomely furnished and equipped by the time Mrs. Ten Eyck was ready to take possession. The groom, whose sense of humor was

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dulled only for the time being, observed the beginning of its restoration when he assisted in unpacking four cheval glasses, gifts to the bride from persons who could not have been in collusion.

The glow of health increased in Martha's face. Her hair was a trifle slow in renewing itself, but on the other hand, her figure resumed its natural proportions with a rapidity that could not go unnoticed. It was not long before her figure was unquestionably her own. Mr. Ten Eyck tried to conceal his dismay; he even went so far as to begin drowning it. Their first quarrel resulted from her objection to the presence of intoxicating liquors in the house.

"I don't approve of whisky," she said firmly.

"I trust, then, that you never may feel the necessity for drinking it," said he.

"Of course, I shan't. I've always main-

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tained that it should be used for medicinal purposes only."

"I'm taking my medicine. Don't find fault," he said with scant courtesy. "I've ordered a barrel of it."

"You—you don't feel as though you were going to be ill, do you, dear?" she asked anxiously. He moved hastily to the opposite side of the table, involuntarily lifting his elbow as if to shield himself. Then he laughed awkwardly and turned the subject.

One day he woke to the startling truth that she was getting heavier than ever before. It required days of contemplation and development of purpose before he could ask her to step on the scales at the meat market. A cold perspiration started to his forehead as he moved the balance along the bar and found that it was necessary to use the 200-pound weight instead of the lighter one. She weighed 203 pounds. His knees grew

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weak and his hand trembled as he released the balance weight. Then he excused himself and bolted posthaste for the Essex Club. At 9 o'clock that night someone took him home and Martha had hysterics until she was strongly convinced that he was alive and not dead.

Springtime came and everybody in town had recovered from the habit of saying that Eddie Ten Eyck looked "run down at the heel" and "going to seed in a hurry." He was no more the gay, debonnair, inconsequent club man and beau; he no longer prided himself on his personal appearance or his habits. He slouched about with an untidy air, a pathetic droop to his mouth; a longing, faraway look grew in his eyes.

At last, people began to notice that he was forever figuring on the backs of envelopes or on the edges of newspapers. No one knew just what the figures meant, but they

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always represented sums in multiplication. Now and then an observer picked up a magazine to find that the calculator had changed to problems in subtraction. Once in awhile he resorted to addition. It was noted, however, that the numerals, one, nine, two and a cipher, had something to do with each and every calculation. General Gamble could have solved the mystery, but did not. In his heart the old man feared that Eddie would run away or die, either of which might mean the return of Martha to the Gamble mansion as a temporary if not a permanent guest.

He met his son-in-law frequently and was ever conscious of a baleful gleam in the young man's eye. He felt that that gaze was upon him no matter where he turned; it was an ardent, searchful look that seemed to question the longevity of life as it applied to himself. After such meetings, the gen-

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eral surveyed himself in the mirror with no little misgiving, always to find himself looking better and healthier and happier than ever. In spite of himself, however—be it said to his credit—he nurtured a growing pity in his heart for the luckless bargainer whose only relief lay in the death of his father-in-law.

“General,” said Eddie one day, “have you seen Martha lately?”

“Oh, yes. She’s looking remarkably well, isn’t she?”

“Do you know what she weighs at present?”

“Of course, not. She took the scales over to your house.”

“Day before yesterday she weighed 298 pounds. It’s an infernal outrage!”

He dropped his chin into his hands dejectedly and swore.

“By Jove, she *is* doing well.”

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"She scarcely can walk. If she keeps on she won't be able to see, either—her face is so infernal fat. I screwed up my nerve and took a good long look to-day. *She's lost her neck completely.*"

"Hang it, Eddie, I *do* feel sorry for you," cried the general, his heart touched.

"General," sniffed Eddie, "I sit down sometimes and actually *watch* her grow. You can see it if you look steadily for a given time."

The two sat silent and depressed for many minutes, gazing into their glasses. Eddie stole a sly glance at the general's ruddy face.

"You're a remarkably — er — well-preserved man, General," he ventured hesitatingly. "Do you mind telling me your age?"

"I'm seventy-one, my boy, if that's any encouragement to you," responded General Gamble solemnly.

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"You look good for ten years more," murmured Eddie.

"I'm a little afraid of heart disease," prevaricated the General magnanimously. Eddie did not look up, but his eyes blinked hopefully. "It's in the family, you know."

"Martha isn't—er—isn't—"

"Isn't what, my boy?"

"I was just thinking that she's only your step-daughter. I was worried for a moment."

Later in the Autumn, Eddie confided to his father-in-law that Martha was tipping the beam at 314 pounds and three ounces and increasing daily. His dejection had at last developed into a wail. He poured his resentment into the general's ears and, in the bitterness of his heart, went so far as to express the hope that the old man soon would die.

"Now, Eddie, don't talk like that. I've

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about made up my mind to do the right thing by you and Martha. I'm thinking of giving her a nice allowance for clothing and so forth—"

"Great Scott, man; I need clothes more than she does. Look at me! Look at the frayed edges and see how I shine in the back. There's a patch or two you can't see. I put 'em on myself. Martha's so confounded fat she can't hold a needle and besides that she hasn't any lap to sew in. I'm growing a beard, too. I don't want a haircut—I'll never need it again. Wait a minute. I just want to show you some figures."

He jerked out his pencil and with the rapidity of lightning multiplied, added and subtracted. "She's worth \$72,403.20 to-day. What do you think of that? The day of the wedding she weighed in at \$16,972.80. See what I mean? She's bulling the market and I can't realize a dollar on her. She's

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gone up \$55,430.40 in less than a year. Suffering Isaac! Why couldn't she have weighed that much a year ago?" He was so furious that he chopped his words off until they sounded like the barking of a dog.

The general moved back in alarm.

"Eddie," he cried, "Martha will be a mighty rich woman some day—when I die."

"Yes, but curse the luck, don't you see that she's getting so blamed fat she's liable to tip over herself and die any day? Then where would I come in?"

"By Jove, you're a mercenary wretch," exclaimed the general, stamping the floor angrily.

"Well, you'd be sore, too, if it had happened to you," shouted Eddie. "I'm going to skip out. I can't stand it a day longer."

The general turned pale.

"Don't do that!" he roared. "I—I think we can adjust matters. You desire relief,

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my boy. I'm not the man to go back on you. I'm a just man. Can you come over to the house this evening? Alone?"

"I should say I can!" gasped Eddie, growing two inches taller in an instant. After a moment he added with a wry grin: "Alone? If you ever expect to see Martha, you'll have to come to my house. Remember that saying about Mahomet?"

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ONCE upon a time there was a city called New York. This sounds doubly satirical when one stops to consider that it seems no longer ago than yesterday, that a great, proud, dominant city spread its plumage over the mouth of the Hudson, and stared out upon the snarling Atlantic, scorning the vast waste that lay at its back door—the rest of the nation and its envious millions. One hardly can believe that New York has been so easily forgotten; that its millennium came and passed the rest of us by without leaving an endless horror in our minds. But, of little consequence, after all, was this

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wonderful metropolis in those whirling, struggling times, astounding as the assertion may appear upon reflection. It is not difficult to look back ten years and recall our envy, our admiration, our glory, our awe when we touched the pulse of the living New York and felt therein what we were led to believe was the throbbing of the whole universe.

For a few weeks after that strange, dreadful morning in 1947, the rest of the world groaned with horror and unbelief. Then followed the mawkish efforts of the scientists to explain the phenomena; then months of magazine solution by eminent writers from the middle west; then the uplifting of countless religious prophets who had at one time or another foretold the destruction of New York; then the vague realization that the pulse of the land had not ceased beating—a sense which grew and grew until the

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populace laughed joyously to itself and mumbled its thanksgiving, first timidly, then with raucous confidence. It was not until the end of a full year, however, that the nation saw how idle had been its fears; what had at first seemed a gigantic blow at the vitals of the country proved to be a mere scratch upon the surface—a scratch that healed with amazing speed and left no scar. The sun did not stop nor did Time pause for a single second; the world went on and the land gave forth its goods with undiminished ardor. And the wealth of the country rolled back from the seashore to the great cities of the West—a tidal wave of gold!

We remember the burning of Rome, though it happened centuries before we were born, far better than we recall the passing of New York scarce ten years ago. A Rome still stands in monumental splendor, to keep the world from forgetting; there still re-

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mains the imperishable shadow of Herculaneum, and time cannot efface the sepulchers of Pompeii's existence. Alas, in these hard, bitter times of ours—this age of steel and gold—New York passes and we forget that it once was but is not; a city more or less, a few millions of people—what matters? Pooh! This is our attitude: New York came too long after Rome. Besides, Rome was not—and is not—in the path of the present.

To-day they are building the new docks and wharves—great, stupendous things—up beyond Spuyten Duyvil; the railroads come up to them from the west and the ships plow up from the east. There is no Manhattan Island. Ocean traffic hurries ceaselessly over the spot where the stone-crowned island stood, past the deserted, wrecked city of Harlem, lying drear and foreboding at the head of the smiling bay, up through the broad

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gates of the Hudson, with never a thought of the dead thing that once lived in the roadway. There are no ferries, there are no tunnels or subways; there is no use for them now. Tugs and steamers ply the new waterway, crowding, hooting, snarling as viciously as ever—thousands of them—scurrying madly above the thing that lies crushed and crumbling in the depths below, doing no homage to its memory, spouting sacrilege upon its tomb.

And the gulls come up past Staten Island to feast in the black seas that sweep over the Battery and gay Central Park.

The bay is three thousand fathoms deep, it is said, where Harlem used to be.

Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken have ceased to mourn for their lost mother; they smile pityingly and tell the world that they loved her in spite of her follies and weaknesses. But down in their hearts they gloat

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over the heritage she tossed to them with lavish hands in the now forgotten days, and resent the phenomenal growth of Spuyten Duyvil up the bay.

The nation points with pride to the grandest harbor in all the world.

For nearly three centuries the dead of New York were content to lie as humble dust beneath the feet of the living. No voice from the grave was raised against the encroachments of the new age; the earth itself had trembled beneath the indignities of its surface for years and years and had slunk back, whipped and cowed, "Earth to earth and dust to dust" had been the mournful cry: there was none to moan a protest in all those ugly years. The dust of their forefathers was ground beneath the feet of ambitious, callous citizens of the busy metropolis with never a twinge of contrition. No

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one was remembering the dead—the forgotten, once honored dead.

From the days when Verrazano first sailed into the harbor, back in the sixteenth century, up to the middle of the twentieth, the dead endured the living because there once had been such a thing as love. Forbearance ended when at last the dead awoke and drew back amazed from the kicks and blows of the living. The dust of a man who had been with Peter Minuit when he bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for sixty guilders, cut off the shackles of silence and groaned in the misery of realization. That groan echoed from one end of the island to the other and from side to side, far down into the bowels of the earth; for there were ancient dead who had been driven to endless depths by the city's ruthless builders. The dead turned and hearkened and shuddered mightily.

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"Is it the resurrection?" quavered the first voice of all, thin, high, bewildered.

"No," came back harshly through the creaking earth. "The judgment day could not disturb us as we are being disturbed to-day. 'Rest in peace,' it said on my grave-stone. The irony of that!"

From that day, the shudder of pain and resentment grew in the earth beneath the tugging metropolis of the western world. The underworld, to which the dust of Gotham's forefathers had returned, shook with indignation. Resentment developed into rage, and rage clamored for vengeance.

Husbands and wives, mothers and children, fathers, lovers, whose dust had been scattered by the grinding, disdainful upper world, or tossed carelessly into the scows and sent out to sea, moaned in protest at last, and in moaning found voice to send the rumble of discontent throughout the narrow,

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Christless island. Rebellion took hold upon them, rebellion against the tyranny of the usurpers. From the black waters of the bay came cries of the awakening; from the bottom of the steel-bound tunnels and from beneath the ponderous walls of office buildings came the wails of the despised founders of New York. The shouts of massacred Indians mingled with the lamentations of gentle women who had seen the city in its fairest days of honor. And, in the end, a gigantic, mighty hand of revolt was raised against the city that bore down upon the dust of its dead—a hand that, in all time, had never been lifted before.

The inert mass of earth took shape—a million shapes, in truth—and the groveling gave place to solemn defiance. Down into the vast caverns at the center of the earth filtered the dust of a million beings—drawn there by common impulse. Once again the

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dead took back the form of the living—the living of three centuries. The caverns swarmed with a mighty congregation—an army with only outraged pride as its armament.

Shape after shape grew up from the forsaken dust of centuries—stark, nude things of clay, somber hued and grim. Up from the bay, in response to the call, came the black slime of desecrated ancestors—the once flesh. No hand was raised to quell the tumult; no voice called out “Peace!” For, there was no such thing as peace beneath the crust of Manhattan Island.

Pioneer, statesman, soldier, millionaire, pauper, gentlewoman, courtesan, products of a common soil, filled the caverns of the earth with their lamentations.

“We have endured too long—too long!” was the great, thrilling cry.

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“Judgment!” welled from countless lips of clay.

In the nave of the earth’s cathedral, a mighty figure called out to the clamoring hosts. Every face was turned toward the father of New York—the first of all the dead.

“Hark ye!” was his cry. “We are driven here by the assaults of our sons and daughters. There is no peace on earth! Have we no recompense? Are we more meek and lowly than the Pagan of other lands and other times? Look ye! There is not a year goes by that does not give record of the wrath that marks the vengeance of our Pagan dead. In far-off Asia the earth trembles with their final displeasure, and cities fall to ruin in a night; in every corner of the earth the people of the underworld have manifested their disapproval in one form or another. The earth has been split and shaken.

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Its crust has been shattered and its fires have been thrown out to create havoc and death among the defilers. Its soil has more than once turned against its tillers. There has been famine and flood from time immemorial. Who has done all of these things? Who has inspired all of these righteous calamities? Speak!"

From every corner of the vast caverns came back the wild shout:

"The world's despised Dead!"

"Earth to earth!" thundered the despised dead of old New York. From afar off in the remotest nook came the cry of a single intruder.

"There was a place called San Francisco—" but a wild laugh cut short the sentence.

"They have driven us from the graves that once we thought were hallowed. The cherished green beneath which we were to

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have slept until the judgment day, has been uprooted and despoiled. Our bones have been jostled from one end of our dear island to the other. They lie in rank confusion, unmarked, uncherished. They have been scattered by the ruthless hands of our children. Those who are young among us tell of the deeds of the living. They are forcing their way to the very heart of the little island that once was our home—where we lived and died. And now, at last, they have aroused us from the sleep we suffered for and earned. They have awakened their dead! How shall we repay them? First, let the founders and builders of New York speak. Let us hear from the men who were honest in their building.”

The passionless voice of a great magistrate answered the father of New York: “There are among us thousands who have been restored to their mother earth in recent years.

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They come from the class which now holds sway in land of life. What have they to say?"

"We see the justice of these deliberations," spoke up a fresh voice, "although we cannot presume to enter into them. Our bones, for the time being, lie in honored graves; encroaching avarice has not laid its grasp upon our resting places. Time may treat us as you have been treated. Therefore we submit ourselves to the will of the forgotten and the outraged. What ye may propose, we stand ready to abide by, for there are but few, even among us, who are not forgotten."

"Let us name a council of ten," began a deep voice, only to be checked by the clear, sweet words of one who in her lifetime had been the merriest belle of Old New York—one whose name, at least, has not been forgotten.

"Nay, gentlemen," she said; "I prithee

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observe moderation in all that ye may do. Remember, there are the poor and the helpless and the innocent to consider. Our dear city is not peopled alone by the godless and the avaricious. Even in my day, there were poltroons and cowards, and they are numbered among us here. What are we that we should judge our sons and daughters?"

"Dear mistress," sighed the patriarch, "thou art a woman and mistake pity for justice. The vice we may have possessed has been left behind, a heritage to the living; the good that was in us was also given down to our fleshly heirs. It was for them to choose. They have cast aside the good that we bequeathed and have thrived upon the bad. They began the bad where we left off. They have forgotten God as well as their forefathers. You are right, however. We are not to judge them. They can only be judged after death comes to them—death the leveler

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of all things. It is not the souls that we would punish, but the sordid flesh—the thing which must one day become as we are now, deserted by the soul until the great day of rejoicing when all will be reclaimed. But it is with the present that we have to do. We have lain sluggish and inactive while other communities have lifted themselves in wrath. Our time has come. We can rest no longer. Your plea is fruitless. New York may have its poor, I grant, but in this day it has no innocents.”

“I submit,” she replied, convinced. “I thought only of my own day.”

“Let us pause to reflect,” protested another voice. “Is it true that our own descendants are guilty of all this sacrilege? We forget that New York is made up of an alien class to-day: the vulgar rich from the far West, the wretched foreigner, the—”

“Enough!” cried the patriarch. “It is

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against the New York of to-day that we lift our hand, no matter where its millions may have been born. Attend me, one and all. Is there one dissenting voice to be lifted against our revolt, no matter how grave the consequences?"

There was not a voice raised in dissent.

"Then, what is the further pleasure of the dead?" called out the strong voice of the leader.

"Retribution!" rang in mighty chorus through the somber caverns. "Retribution!"

"We have turned our hand against our earthly home, as others have done before us. Shall the earth quake and split with our wrath? Shall the sea be driven up to sweep the city to destruction? Shall we breed pestilence? Speak!"

"Let a council decide," shouted one. "Name one from each generation that has

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passed since New York began, and give over to them the power to devise. We will abide by their designs."

"There is no to-morrow here, my friends. It is always to-day. What we have to do must be done to-day. Go your ways for the present. In due time I shall have chosen the council, one for each generation."

With shouts and cries, the drab multitude scattered throughout the vast corridors of the earth, below New York, patient, implacable, as pitiless as the earth to which they had returned after a brief day in the flesh of life.

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Slowly, inevitably, the great design of the underworld began to shape itself into the vague conceptions of what the end would bring to the vice-ridden, purse-proud, conscienceless city of New Sodom. The sunless center of the earth creaked and groaned

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under the mighty changes that were being wrought by the unhallowed dust that shrank down into crevasses as if in dire terror of the cruel monsters which battled ceaselessly to extend dominion below the surface. Human, living progress, regardless but not ignorant of the laws of nature, continued to bore its way into the home of the dead, sinking its crowded cellars of industry and greed into the very heart of the world. Mortal hell crept down through the crust of stone to link its grasp with the hell of scriptural tradition; the shafts of commerce opened up the way through soil and stone, and living humanity swarmed downward to toil and breath and curse beside the resting places of the dead with the same sordid, merciless avarice that sent those self-same shafts of stone and steel and mortar cloudward in Godless pursuit of wealth and ribaldry. The living lived for the praise of their own possessions; they

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had learned to dwell in the haunts of their own unbridled lust of self. They growled and fought and sinned for the tiniest pinch of gold, for the minutest atom of power; they sacrificed love and honor and peace in the struggle to win the smiles of one capricious moment of Time; they maimed and tortured and destroyed all semblance of feeling that might have made that moment sweet; they saw only the conquering plumes of the present ignoring the vast, silent host that bivouacked at their very doors while the future came marching up to swell the irretrievable past.

The men who burrowed deeper and deeper into the earth to which they were so rapidly returning, gave no thought to the grave they were digging; they felt no tremor of premonition, they heard no rumble of disaster. They dug and bored and blasted their impious way into the precincts that belonged to

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the dead; life had never been felt before in the region to which their greed was carrying them. Only the dead had dwelt there in peace and solitude, undefiled, unrevered, unsolvable. Covetous hands scooped out the path which led ambitious feet into the depths of a monstrous grave; gleeful, glittering eyes looked down into the tomb those unsuspecting hands were digging, with never a thought of the bitter price the living was to pay to the dead they had kicked aside in the downward march of Progress.

And all the while that Life was pushing its ruthless path through the land of the dead, Death was eating its way up to meet the trespassers in the great, malevolent day of reckoning. New York drove its domain farther and farther into the dark world; just as energetically, a vast, dead army sapped and mined and hollowed out the pit which was to be the sepulcher of Vanity.

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It was a gay New York. Rich, proud, frivolous and not enduring. Its millions toiled by day and reveled by night; they grasped the wealth of a universe and spent it in the selfish delights of personal elevation. The body and the brain reaped the harvest of a golden sowing; the soul stood afar off and hungered. There were years of famine for the soul; the flesh was spending riotous decades where Time had allotted years, no more. New York was merry and light and soulless in those last few months and weeks of its existence. The gems and precious baubles of a wide world came there to bedeck its wondrous women; they gleamed and spun and shivered in the race that their wearers ran round the track of Time. It was the last, the final pageant of worldly strife: a beautiful, gorgeous conflict of life against death. Fast and furious was the pace; the rest of the world was left far behind to look

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on in hopeless, envious wonder. There was no glory in Nero's simple day that could have shone so brightly; there was no Solomon to conceive things so fair as these.

The greatest, richest, most beautiful city the world has ever known! Here was the home of Midas and the tents of Momus, the playground of Bacchus and the scented resting-place of Aphrodite! The gods were showing their teeth in the grin derisive and gay New York thought it was a smile of approval. Gentile and Jew, Pagan and Puritan, the rich man and Lazarus—all, all knelt at the common shrine and lifted praise to Mammon. It was in the air—it was in the blood—it was in the heart of life! The hosannas were shrieks of voluptuous joy, no more, no less. God was forgotten; Christ was banished; there was no choice of the Holy Ghost.

The only Trinity that New York knew in

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those racking days, stood meek and shamed between lofty sky scrapers at the head of Wall Street. There were no gravestones.

Luxury was the slave of Vanity, pleasure the guide to vice. Men and women exchanged their eternal souls for a brief instant of power; they traded and trafficked in the values of love, in the profits of honor, in the commodities of friendship. Each man and woman, poor or rich, sought to thrive only by plunder—plunder in gold or virtue, in squalor or in affluence, in life or in death.

The day of reckoning was at hand!

In the caverns of the earth a mighty exodus was under way. The dust of those who had slept unvenerated for years took shape under the influence of wrath. In the councils of the dead there was no idle minority. A vast, solemn body of earth-like shapes had set to work to toll the hour of oblivion. There was no class distinction. They were

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of a common soil. The grave had been the leveler. No bit of clay was richer than the next. Gold was not in one and dross in the other. They were the dead things that had been buried side by side and forgotten. They had come back to be a part of nature once more—a part of the earth unchangeable and chaste.

Slowly, with bitter tools, this great force of nature wrought the changes which were to destroy every vestige of that gorgeous city of sham and craft.

There was no day nor was there night for these sullen toilers of the underworld; there was no hour for rest. The right to sleep and rest had been abolished by mortal mandate. Into the very center of the earth, through vast crevasses and endless pits, the foundations of Manhattan Island were swiftly conveyed; where once had been a solid, firm support to the surface of the nar-

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row island of stone, there now yawned a stupendous cavern, rumbling with the thunders of a shifting earth, shrieking with the winds of faraway volcanoes, hissing with the waters of the sea that filtered in through suddenly discovered crannies. The toiling army of clay pushed its way farther and farther into the heart of the globe; each hour saw the scaling off of millions of tons of earth from the dome of the great cavern and each hour narrowed the base on which New York was standing so imperiously. The Toilers, once the Quick of old New York, sang at their work—requiems that might have reached through the thinning roof of the vast cathedral to the ears of those who perched outside had not the clangor of conceit dulled the senses of the doomed millions.

At last the earth had been sloughed away until but a shallow crust remained. Man-

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hattan Island hung suspended, as it were, by the merest thread, over an abyss so deep and terrifying that human mind cannot grasp its enormity. Between the roof and the floor of this appalling gap in the earth intervened a full league of space—space filled with dank, foul winds, hot with the gases from the bowels of the world. Already the sea was rushing down into these new-made depths, roaring with the delight of a discoverer. Slowly the workers in this stupendous undertaking slunk back into the mud and slime of their own making and waited for the fall of gay New York. The time had come.

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A man from the Barge Office, far down the Bau, found himself staring with unbelieving eyes at a bit of masonry in the extreme outer rim of Battery Park. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Either

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he was going stark mad, or that stretch of masonry was sinking into the bay—slowly, it is true, but unmistakably. Even as he turned to shout to a companion who was abroad with him at this early morning hour, the deck on which he stood began to shake as with the ague. He heard the roar of a million giant guns and—

There was no time for preparation, there was no warning. In the twinkling of an eye the vast pile of masonry that had come to be called New York shot downward and went crumbling, crashing, rattling, jangling into oblivion so utter that the mind cannot comprehend its bounds. No man cried out in terror. Fear gripped their hearts and paralyzed them. Stupefaction held every tongue until the fall was well begun. Then as the sea rushed in to fill the vent, a million shrieks gurgled up through the foam. A million voices screamed a name they had not

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uttered save in blasphemy and derision in forty years or more.

“Oh, God!” A brief prayer to an abandoned Hope!

Every living thing that dwelt on the rock-built surface of Manhattan Island, from the Battery to the Harlem went down in the maelstrom, never to rise again. The whole world groaned and shook, jarred to its farthest ends by the lofty fall of a granite Empire. An earthquake such as the world had never known before caused the land to tremble in the extremity of convulsion. The Hudson and the glad Atlantic rushed into the yawning gulf and covered the grave of Gay New York, with a noise that reverberated to the ends of the earth. A blackish green plain of rolling water swept up to the shattered bank of the Harlem and churned itself into a fury because it could go no farther.

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Shuddering cities that had called New York mother glared horror-struck out upon this new sea and forgot in their terror to grieve for the thing that had fed them from childhood. She was gone! The swirling sea sat there, bereft of life, untouched by commerce. Every craft that sailed the river on that eventful morn was sucked down in the rush of devastation—not a spar, not a sail, not a pennant showed above the surface of the strange, unknown sea that was the shroud of Manhattan Island.

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The bay is three thousand fathoms deep where the Harlem used to be.

THE END



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